

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS KNICK'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 43.—VOL. XX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1809.

NO. 1053

## THE HISTORY OF GOSTANZA AND MARTUCCIO,

CONTINUED.

The captain here summoned his crew; and that no means of preservation might be neglected, commanded them to man their sails and yards. The fears of the sailors occasioned him to be obeyed with unusual alacrity.—Martuccio was not backward in assisting and encouraging the astonished crew. Their united efforts soon put their vessel in a condition for flight; and as the ship was well built, and not too heavily-laden, their rapidity was not inferior to that of the Tunisian. The latter vessel, however, had now approached so near, that it halted the Venetian, and commanded them, as they valued the preservation of their lives, to an immediate surrender. Martuccio, who was standing upon the stern of the vessel, made no other reply than by a discharge of his harquebuss. Escape, however, was now impossible; the Tunisian having been built for the purposes of piracy, was already along-side the Venetian vessel. They were again commanded to surrender. Martuccio and the captain, having the greatest ventures, and the most courageous spirits, again refused; but the captain had scarcely uttered the words of rejection, and issued those of preparation for the immediate conflict, when he was pierced by an arrow, and fell dead upon the deck.—This incident had an instantaneous effect upon the courage of the crew; the prayers and reproaches of Martuccio were equally fruitless, and the flag was struck: Martuccio, however, was resolved not to survive this undignified and calamity. His mind presented to him in one view the whole history of his mission, the certain defeat of all his late hopes, the loss of Gostanza, and a future life of slavery. With a resolution, therefore, rather to fall than submit, and preferring certain death to the greater evil of servitude, he opposed himself to the whole crew of the corsair, who were now boarding the surrendered ship. The Infidels appeared astonished, and in some degree confounded by the vivacity of his courage; and from the effect of his single opposition, it might have been justly concluded, that had he been seconded by the efforts of the remainder of the crew, the vessel would not have become the prey of the pirates. The remainder of the crew, however, was occupied in other thoughts; the rapidity of the vessel's flight, had brought them upon the opposite coast; the sailors, therefore, now availed themselves of this circumstance; and whilst the attention of the pirates was occupied by the brave defence of Martuccio, they had loosened a boat, and having hastily descended from the ship were rowing towards the adjacent land. In the meantime Martuccio was continuing the conflict, and with the rashness of despair appeared to be resolved upon death. It was in vain that the captain of the corsair made him the offer of his life; Martuccio returned no other reply, than that they could

not dispose of what they had not yet gained. Courage, however, was fruitless against such an unequal force: Martuccio was at length disarmed, and beaten to the ground. The pirates again commanded him to beg his life; Martuccio again refused. One of the Infidels, irritated by his obstinacy, raised his sabre to cleave his head, but his arm was arrested by the hand of Hamet, the captain of the vessel. Hamet was of a character not unusual among barbarians; as his chief quality was that of courage, he considered nothing in another so worthy of esteem. The conduct of Martuccio had excited this sentiment, and the preservation of his life was, perhaps, owing to this favourable prejudice of his enemy. Hamet, from the same feeling, arrested the uplifted sword of the pirate. "Why would you kill a man who is braver than yourself?" said he.—Then turning to Martuccio,—"Christian," said he, "thy courage shall redeem thee; you shall live, because you have showed yourself worthy of life. The laws of our prophet require that you shall have the choice, of slavery or our faith. Embrace the religion of Mahomet, and Hamet shall be benefactor to your friend, brother, and protector."

Martuccio was so absorbed in the sense of his calamity, that he returned no answer to the address of the pirate. Hamet, who appeared to have a principle of humanity becoming a better faith, perceiving the cause of his silence, did not resent it; he even committed him to the care of his own attendants, and commanded him to be carried into his own cabin.

They now proceeded to plunder the Venetian vessel, and such was the wealth of theading, that it well repaid the length and danger of their cruise. Having finished this ransack, and put some of their crew on board the plundered ship, they proceeded upon their return to Tunis. As the wind was fair, they reached the port in a few days.

Tunis was at that time governed by a Dey of the name of Soliman; Hamet, therefore, as soon as arrived, than he attended the court of the Dey, and having conducted Martuccio with him, presented him as a slave to Soliman.

"He has a liberal presence," Hamet, said the Dey, "and appears unfit for ordinary servitude."

"It was this," replied Hamet, "which has led me to think him worthy of the service of the Dey of Tunis. His courage is no less liberal than his appearance."

Hamet here related his rash resistance to their boarding the Venetian ship. Soliman listened with attention, and apparent approbation to this narrative, and in the course of it had thrown some favourable looks upon its subject. He now demanded of Martuccio if he understood the language of the moors of Tunis. Martuccio replied, that his nurse had been a moorish slave, and that she had learnt him to speak it with the readiness of a native. "I perceive it," replied the Dey. "I accept you, therefore, as the attendant upon my own person. Hamet, I accept your present,

and shall return it with the gratitude which it merits."

Hamet bowed and retired. Thus did Martuccio become the slave of the Dey. This was the most pleasing circumstance which had occurred to him since his captivity, nor was he rendered so stupid by his calamity, but that he acknowledged this incident as an unexpected good fortune. His hopes of liberty were not so desperate as in the more private servitude of Hamet. His service was not burthenous;—it was little more than attendance upon the person of the Dey; his memory, however, still presented to him the image of his lost Gostanza. "To what purpose," said he, "should I now recover my liberty; the captain, my friend, is dead; my ducats have become the prey of the pirates; Gostanza, therefore, is lost for ever."

In this manner did Martuccio consume the days and nights of his captivity; his former hopes were now succeeded by a more unreasonable despondency; he did not reflect that the designs of the Being who governs the fates of our lives, were seldom accomplished but by indirect means, and that a happy event was sometimes never so near as when to our more limited sight it appeared at the greatest distance.

It is now, however, time to return to Gostanza. We have mentioned that the greater part of the crew of the Venetian vessel had escaped from the ship, and by the effort of their cars had gained the neighbouring shores. A few days afterwards they had been taken into another vessel, and by this means had returned to Lipari. The report of the death of Martuccio was immediately spread, and arrived, after a few intervals, at the ears of Gostanza. It is impossible to describe her grief upon the receipt of this information. Her life was despaired of for some months, and she only recovered from dis-ease to sink into a state of gloomy melancholy.

It is the happy effect of time to wear away the impressions of the greatest calamity; it did not, however, thus operate upon the mind of Gostanza. Her melancholy increased, and became at length so intolerable, that nothing but the sense of religion restrained her hand from suicide. There cannot, indeed, be a severer grief than that which arises from the utter ruin of the hopes of lovers; it is the peculiar nature of this passion to fill and monopolize the whole soul; it is no sooner, therefore, destroyed, than it leaves behind it a mournful vacuity, a dreary void. The wound of love, soon torn asunder, is beyond the remedy of consolation; the soul is occupied only with the indulgence of its grief, and agers with still greater horror from every alleged relief. Such was the gloomy state of Gostanza, and such is that of any other under the subterfuge of the same calamity. Her despondency was the more conspicuous to the eyes of her friends in proportion to the former gaiety of her disposition; her features now had lost their brightness never about smile; her countenance might have served a painter for the image of despair. In vain, however, did her father at-

tempt to divert her despair. Lysimachus, as we have before mentioned, had no other fall, but that of avarice, and he had ever loved his daughter with an affection truly paternal; all the power and opportunities which his boundless wealth afforded, were now exerted in vain. In vain did he assemble the nightly ball, or gayer masquerade—Gostanes, indeed, attended the scene of gaudy, but her countenance only presented a contrast to those of the surrounding company. She had continued some time in this condition of misery, when one morning she descended to the breakfast room, and took her usual seat at the head of the repast. Her father regarded her with a look of equal grief and terror: her countenance had an air of melancholy, and of a still greater gloom than usual. Lysimachus, struck with the singular misery of her features, demanded of her if she were well: she replied that she had never been more so; but the words had scarcely proceeded from her mouth, when she broke forth into a passion of tears. To be continued.

#### ON FLATTERY.

FLATTERY is praise paid to excess. To tell a woman she is handsome, is to praise her; to tell her one is not so handsome as she is, is to flatter her. This species of flattery is in her opinions or inconvenient. What signifies whether we exag- gerate the beauty, talent, wit, merit or virtue of an being, if that being be really distinguished by talent or merit, and really handsome, witty, or virtuous. All we have to fear, is that the judgment which we pass on the person is much beneath his own opinion. It is very rare to find any one who does not value himself more than he is worth.

But flattery is often liable to real inconvenience; this is when it raises defects into laudable qualities, and vices into virtues. It then becomes falsehood. Flattery, in this case, is the more dangerous, as it is always sure of success, because it smother the cry of conscience, and rids us of importunate reflections, such as we cannot investigate without blushing.

The powerful are doomed to be flattered. How can it be otherwise? They look upon themselves as privileged beings, and would be dissatisfied at their not being considered as such. Besides this, their condition unfortunately obliges them to keep at a certain distance from other men; they vainly bestow their confidence, they never inspire any.

Flatterer and counter are two synonymous words in every language. La Fontaine pretends we can never praise too much—the gods, our mistresses, and our king.

The first may pass, there is little danger in the second, the last may lead to serious consequences. It might perhaps have been better expressed; there are three kinds of people who never tire if they are praised too much—the kings, women, and the stars.

A right knowledge of mankind is sufficient to learn that the most certain way of obtaining their confidence and favour, is to praise them boldly to their face, and as it might be dangerous to be ingenuously, and that moreover nothing is to be gained by frankness, every one prefers becoming a flatterer.

The flatterer rarely raises his voice. His smile is gracious, his looks gentle and caressing; he is humble in his address, insinuating in his language, supple and polite in his manners. Every thing astonishes, pleases, and charms him in the person whose good graces he wishes to conciliate. He weeps or laughs with him, adopts his friendships and his dislikes, approves all he does or says. He identifies himself so much with him, as to make his presence a want, and his company a necessity.

There are flatterers by character, these are the smallest in number. Other flatterers are so from interest—these are numerous. The former address themselves indifferently, even to those from whom they expect nothing—the latter attach themselves solely to those from whom they hope for riches or honours. The first are in a person only a subject to flatter—the second attend only to the power and credit of the person flattered. One speaks without premeditation, the other says nothing but what he has previously studied. One rarely visits antichambers, the other passes one-third of his life in the study of flattery.

It is said that flattery is poison—true, but a poison so sweet that no one mistrusts it, and no one repulses the person who knows how to prepare and to offer it.

Flattery is less formidable to a fool than to a wise man, because it is scarcely possible to flatter a fool more than he flatters himself.

#### THE BATTLE OF BAYLEN. BY WILLIAM CAREY.

Roll \* Andalus, roll thy flourish loud,  
Dy'd of old with Moorish blood!  
Swell thy tide!  
Flow with pride!  
Flow forever famed in story.  
Lo! again thy ranks are spread  
With our foes—the vanquished dead,  
Weltering, lie all pale and gory.  
† Umbra saw in strange alight  
By the moon's uncertain light,  
In thy stream,  
Helmets gleam.  
Bajles heard the trumpet rattle—  
Horse to horse, and man to man:  
Ere the dawn the cue was begun,  
To the brazen rose of battle—  
As the winter torrent sweeps,  
Down ‡ Morona's rugged steep  
Rush'd the foe,  
To o'erthrow  
Spain! the bulwarks of thy glory.  
As old Calpe braves the flood,  
Our unshaken phalanx stood,  
Brothers, sons, and fathers hoary.

Alentejo with the shock,  
Felt her vine clad summits rock:  
Guz's vale  
Hill and dale  
Trembled with the mighty motion.  
Guadalquivir's current fled  
Swiftly from its troubled bed,  
Foaming like the angry ocean.  
Faulchion, pike, and bayonet,  
Smote, and pierc'd, and clashing met  
On the plain,  
Strew'd with slain,  
Charged with Eric's avenging power:  
Through the dawning shades of night,  
Flashed the glittering blaze of light,  
Fell like hail the deadly shower,  
O'er groves and fields, and mountains blue,  
On rosy pinions morning flew,  
Bread and banquet  
Stream'd the light,  
The golden field of day a ceiling;  
In darkness still the conflict lay—  
The dismal war-field's grim array  
A sullen cloud of smoke concealing.

Their whirlwind rage five times we stood,  
And stem'd the wailing battle flood,  
Still again,  
O'er the plain  
Roll'd the hostile peals of thunder.  
Alas, the wild bull co'ring fled,  
And man and steel reeled in dead.  
Earth shook, and seemed to rend asunder.  
Long and deadly was the strife,  
Trumpet, drum, and shouting file,  
Groans and cries,  
Pierced the skies,  
Death's loud wail swell'd the chorus.  
Raging like a stream of fire,  
Burst our old Iberian ire,  
Fast consuming all before us.

Weep, ye hapless maids of Gaul!  
Weep your absent lovers' all!  
In despair,  
Weep beside your wily fountain!  
Woe beneath the frowning sky,  
Gash'd with wounds they vanquish'd ye  
On our Andalusian mountains:  
The wolf at midnight laps their blood;  
Their limbs shall quit the eagle's brood:  
Tyrant haste  
To the fast;  
Erect the crest—be ho-dodier, bolder.  
B. hold thy co'qu' claim thy spoil;  
Thy Herce shall possess our soil;  
Yea! there thy slain unbloodied sounder.

\* Andalus, a winding river, which passes through the city of the same name, and near to Baylen.  
† Umbra, a commanding eminence near the scene of action.  
‡ The mountains called Sierra Morena.  
§ The Rock of Gibraltar.

#### THE LADIES' TOILETTE. OR, ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BEAUTY.

OF CLEANLINESS.—The toilette without cleanliness fails of being a single object. A careful attention to the person, frequent ablutions, clean white, which never betrays the inevitable effect of perspiration and of dust, a skin always smooth and brilliant, garments not soiled by any stain, and which might be taken for the garments of a nymph, a dress which seems never to have touched the ground, this is a set of duties cleanliness. To this might likewise be added a scrupulous care to avoid every thing that can indicate functions which undecorates the imagination. Women, among the ancients were nymphs, nothing about them belied the graceful imagery of the poets who immortalized them in their works. At Rome and at Athens a woman could neither spit nor use her handkerchief in public. If she had a cold she was under the necessity of remaining at home.

On the subject of the form, or the nature of attire, that the great characters of antiquity bestowed their attention, but it was devoted to the preservation of the beauty of the person. They did not follow the same method as we, who fix upon decorations a wreath of artificial ornaments. The ancients had a more profound theory; the cares they bestowed were the result of the nature they had for themselves, of the persuasion that every thing is comprehended in nature, and that the beauty, health, and the good qualities of the heart, almost always proceed from it. It is from proper health, long life, and a happy old age.

The air is the natural enemy of the illness of a beautiful complexion; but unfortunately for our handsome women, it is not the only enemy; a luxurious life, an excess in pleasures, too much sleep, too frequent watching, too intense application, or the language of a life of indolence or apathy, too much joy and violent passions, grief, fear, anxiety, or hatred, are all prejudicial to the beauty of the skin, diminish its lustre, efface or alter its colour. On the contrary, a life of prudence and regularity, easy and varied occupations, benevolent, excited, generous feelings, the exercise of virtue, with that inward satisfaction which is the precious reward of it, such are the causes which preserve the flexibility of the organs, a free circulation, a perfect state of all the functions, whence results health, as well as beauty.

Buffon has observed that the delicate complexion, and happy physiognomy of the higher classes, is owing to the assistance they receive from the influence equally powerful on the beauty of the complexion.

It is a fortunate change of circumstances enable a young female of high means, who scarcely attracted any observation, to attend the minute details of the toilette, we in a short time behind a new beauty, and in her. How many village girls, with charms somewhat rustic, and figure rather coarse, have improved themselves by a residence in the city, and the use of the toilette. It was thus beheld the celestial beauty of Sophia drank fresh. Sophia at fifteen was a mere country girl. Sophia has now attained her eighteenth spring, and she is an elegant and delicate nymph. Her dark and coarse complexion has acquired lightness and whiteness; her lips, at the same time that they have become more delicate, have assumed the colour of coral.

A CERTAIN historian asserts, that Pope Boniface XII. advised Parnach in his private conversations, which the poet declared, that the future of the married state should show the enthusiasm of his admiration, and the ardour of his love. "Parthen!" exclaimed a French officer, who heard of the observation, "could an animal be so delicate?" It is (added he) as if a man was to relate to eat his dinner, that it should spoil his appetite!

The fairy, Echo, is thus fancifully and accurately described by a native bard.  
The not a from every tree, so loud and shrill,  
Awoke the timid Echo, on the hill;  
Who faintly, with aerial lips express'd  
Half what she heard, and murmured all the rest.

# The Weekly Messenger.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 3, 1868.

The city inspector reports the death of 34 persons of whom 9 were men, 9 women, 7 boys, and 9 girls during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of cancer 1, casualties 7, child bed 1, consumption 7, convulsions 4, dyes 2, dropsy 3, erysipelas 1, scarlet fever 1, measles 2, inflammation of the lungs 2, old age 1, rupture of a blood vessel 1, open 1, worms 1, and 2 have been immolated to the small pox.

The cases of casualty were a woman who died in consequence of having fallen into the fire; and a child aged 4 years, whose death was occasioned by her clothes catching fire. Casualties of this kind are in quantity, occurring, on the warm parents and cause not to attend young children with caution during the winter season.

A letter has been received here, from E. L. Jones, of the 15th September, stating that the city of Bolton had been given up to plunder by the French army, which they carried so completely into execution that only one house escaped.

Mer. Ad.

By several gentlemen from the eastward, we learn that a British armed schooner, loaded with a number of men, on an island near Canton where a quantity of opium had been deposited, and which a guard was placed by the Collector. The Englishmen fired upon the guard, killed one man, by the name of Louisa, and sunk him in the stream; took another prisoner, and carried off the opium. On information being given to the Collector, he employed a vessel and a number of Volunteers who sailed in pursuit of the Englishmen, and found them at anchor in Fox Island, through-bore, (so called.) The Englishmen instantly cut their cables and crowded all sail; but were soon overhauled, vessel and crew taken, and carried to Canton—where they were under examination on Friday last, when our informant left that place.

Enter Jr. ad.

A letter from an officer of the U. S. standing army dated at Fort Woolley, on Lake Champlain, Oct. 23, 1868, says, "We have here two companies, one of infantry and one of light artillery; which are stationed on the bank of the lake, about one mile from the Canada line, under the orders of the custom house officers. Our only business is to prevent smuggling. There is an immense quantity of potash and other property smuggled over the line. The smugglers are very desperate and daring, always residing where they have a chance. Our men have had several squabbles with them; one of our sergeants has been knocked down, on his post; and another had two balls fired through his coat. It is not very agreeable to make war with our own citizens, but the laws ought to be obeyed, and you know it is our duty to enforce them."

Mer. Adv.

The execution of Cyrus B. Dean, one of the crew of the Snake, took place in Burlington, Vermont, on the 11th ult. About 12 o'clock, the prisoner was conducted to the court-house, where an appropriate sermon was delivered by the Rev. Truman Baldwin, of Charlotte. The prisoner was then taken to the place of execution, and was swung off about three o'clock. He exhibited to the last

a degree of careless unconcern, that perhaps was never equalled, and which seemed to suppress those emotions which such a shocking spectacle is calculated to excite.

It has been computed that about ten thousand persons were present at the execution.

Extract of a letter from Burlington, Vermont, dated Nov. 13.

"I attended the execution of Dean. There was a vast concourse of people. He appeared perfectly indifferent to his fate, and showed no signs of repentance or sorrow for his crime. After he ascended the staging of the gallows he denied the crime, of which he was charged, and made a short harangue. At the last moment, he kicked his hat into his grave, and upon his collar, and pulled the cap over his eyes himself. He died without struggling, and in a very short time. He appeared entirely composed, from the time he was taken from the goal until he was swung off. No body played with him on the gallows."

Charlotte, Nov. 14.—A fire broke out last night about 11 o'clock, in a small building used as a stable at the upper end of Meeting-Street. The building in which it originated, together with the kitchen and stable of John White, Esq. were consumed. A horse belonging to this gentleman was also burnt.

Spring.—The match race for 1000 dollars, Fair mile heats, was run for on Thursday the 18th ult. at Norfolk, by Mr. Caleb Bush's horse, Sir Solomon, against Mr. Wynn's famous horse Galia in and was won with great ease by Sir Solomon. Mr. Bush, has been offered 8000 dollars for Sir Solomon, since the race, which he refused.

CHEAP CIRCULATING LIBRARY  
At No. 178, William-Street, near the North Church,  
CONSIDERING CHEAPLY OF  
VOYAGES AND TRAVELS, HISTORIES,  
NOVELS, ROMANCES, MAGAZINES, AND  
MISCELLANIES.

Terms of Subscription are—Per month four shillings, quarter ten shillings, six months sixteen shillings, and by the year four dollars.

The Winter in London, The Lawyer, Griffith Abbey, the Wild Irish Boy, and a number of other new and excellent novels have lately been added to the collection.  
December 3 1033 2.

CISTERN,  
Made and put in the ground complete warranted, tight, by  
No 15 Catherine street, near the Watch house  
C ALFORD

WANTED,  
A Boy as an Apprentice to the Gunsmith and Cutlery business, one from the country will be preferred except at this Office.  
November 19 1031 ff.

FRENCH TUITION.  
At No. 1, Magazine, near Chatham Street,  
Where the French Language is now taught, and where the School will continue to be kept during the whole season. Persons desirous of becoming acquainted with that almost universal language, and who may favour M. Fraisher with their commands, will have a good opportunity, during that time to acquire a competent knowledge of the language to transact business in general.  
N. B. An evening School is kept for the convenience of gentlemen who find it inconvenient to attend in day time.  
November 19 1031 Gt.

## COURT OF HYMEN.

Love thou canst enjoin capture, banish pain,  
Raise banners of Eden, in a wilderness,  
Bind every social virtue in thy train,  
And form the summit of all human bliss.

## MARRIED.

On Saturday evening, the 12th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Williston, Mr. Charles Duane to Miss Pamela Palmer, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Towley, Mr. Josiah Gidney to Miss Philena Eliason, all of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. William Moore to Miss Maria Morris, both of this city.

On the same even ing, by the Rev. Mr. Wilfong, Mr. Josiah I. Burnett, of Albany, to Miss Ruth Caldwell, of this city.

On the same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Strebeck, Mr. Josiah Falconer to Miss Jane Patterson.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Rossmore, Opden Edwards, Esq. to Miss Harriet Penfield, daughter of Daniel Penfield, Esq. of this city.  
On Wednesday evening last, at Judge Livingston's, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, Theodore Seligwick, jun. Esq. Counsellor at Law, to Miss Susan Ann Livingstone Kitley, eldest daughter of the late Matthew Kitley, Esq. deceased.

On the same evening, by the Rev. G. Selous, Mr. Selous Nathan, to Miss Sarah Selous, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Selous.

At Peekskill, on Saturday last, Mr. William Clark, of this city, to Miss Charlotte Manderville, of the former place.

On Tuesday evening, the 8th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Stephen Dusenbury, to Miss Esther Griffin, of Fishkill.

At River, On Tuesday, the 23d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Crawford, Mr. Joseph H. Horton, of White Plains, to Miss Sarah Halsted, of the former place.

At same place, on Wednesday, by the Rev. Mr. Crawford, Mr. Ezekiel Halsted, jun. of the house of A. & E. Halsted, of this city, to Miss Ann Griffin, of the former place.

At Bridgeport, New-Jersey, on Thursday, by the Rev. Mr. Cole, Mr. Nathan Merrill, merchant, to Miss Hetty C. Morgan, daughter of Doctor L. was Morgan.  
At Littlefield, Connecticut, on the 20th ult. Aaron Burr Reeves, Esq. of that place, to Miss Annasaria Stedden, daughter of the late Mr. William Stedden, of this city.

## MORTALITY.

"Thou'lt die!" fantastic, ghastly men,  
What dangers threaten mortal man!  
What joys await him on his days,  
And weep, with woe, his doubtful span.

## DIED.

On Monday the 21st ult. after a lingering illness, which she bore with Christian patience and resignation, Mrs. Ellen Brasher S. a him yd, consort of Mr. Samuel D. S. a him yd, in the 23d year of her age.

On Sunday morning last, after a short illness, in the 18th year of his age, Mr. Thomas Davis. His many virtues, his mild and personable manners, have so irresistibly attached him to his connections, that it will be long ere his remembrance will be obliterated from their memory. As a son he was most dutiful—as a brother most affectionate—and as a friend most sincere.

On Sunday last, Mrs. Sarah McDonald, daughter of Ebenezer S. Burlington, Esquire, of this city.

On Monday afternoon last, suddenly, Mr. Robert S. Vanhook, Superintendent of the New-York Sugar Refining Company.

On Wedne day last, after a lingering and painful illness, Mr. James Manning, a respectable inhabitant of this city.

At Springfield, near Frederickton, New Brunswick, on the 13th ult. the Hon. George Duncan Ludlow, Esq. Chief Justice of the Provinces of New-Brunswick.

At Schenectady, on Saturday the 19th ult. Mrs. Susan Perry, aged 63 years, consort of Mr. J. Perry. At same place, on the 20th ult. Mr. Nicholas Vedder, aged 61 years.

At same place, on Friday the 23d ult. Mr. Garrit Van Schieck, in the 60th year of his age.

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### A SONG.

The reader of sensibility, whose feelings are kindred to the sympathies of taste and genius, will find uncommon beauties in the subsequent Sonnet; it is extracted from the "British Monthly Visitor," and attributed to the elegant, but unfortunate Miss ELIZA RYAN.

Statesman.

A New fallen Lamb, as mild Emmeline past,  
In pity she turned to behold,  
How it shiver'd and shrank from the merciless blast,  
Then fell all benumb'd with the cold.

She rais'd it, and touch'd by the innocent's fate,  
Its soft form to her bosom she prest;  
But the tender relief was afforded too late,  
It blaz'd, and died on her breast.

The moralist then, as the corpse she resign'd,  
And, weeping, spring flowers o'er it laid,  
Thus mused—"So it fares with the delicate mind,  
To the tempest of fortune betray'd."

Too tender, like thee, the rude shock to sustain,  
And deny'd the relief which would save;  
'Tis lost, and when pity and kindness are vain,  
Thus we dress the poor sufferer's grave."

### LINES

Written on a Rock near the Ocean.

I love, when fearful whirlwinds sleep,  
To climb this brow,  
And watch below,  
The curling breeze steal o'er the deep.

Wave after wave, in endless train,  
Roll to the shore;  
Thus, seen no more,  
It sinks into the watery plain.

Thus coursing on, reflection views  
Each hour give place,  
In endless chase,  
To one that closely still pursues:—

Till all subduing undistinguish'd lie,  
Hush'd in the womb of dread eternity.

Swift was invited by a rich miser, with a large party to dine; being requested by the host to return thanks at the removal of the cloth, uttered the following grave:

Thanks for this miracle—this is no less,  
Than to eat manna in the wilderness,  
Where raging hunger reign'd we've found relief,  
And seen that wondrous thing a piece of beef,  
Here chimneys smoke, that never smoked before,  
And we're all ate, where we shall eat no more.

### RAGS.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS at this office.

EMBROIDERING CHINELLES,  
ELEGANTLY ASSORTED SHADES, for sale  
at No 104 Maiden Lane

## THE MORALIST.

### THOUGHTS ON GAMING.

Robbers of time are more dangerous enemies than robbers of money; because they take away that which no money can purchase and replace And one of the most notorious robbers of time is gaming at Cards; for it tends to no improvement, either of body or mind.

Is it the part of creatures, who are capable by intellectual and moral improvements, of rising continually in the scale of being; is it consistent with their rank, to spend their time in shuffling and dealing a number of pieces of spotted paper, to the entire exclusion of all ideas, excepting those few which belong to the game?

Is our span of life in this world too long? Have we time more than enough? Why else should any waste their time with more prodigality than even the spendthrift wastes his money? Why else should they contrive to annihilate time by turning a large portion of their existence into a mere blank?

But besides that gaming is a waste of time, it has in a manifold way, a very pernicious tendency; and accordingly, in every civilized state, it is either totally prohibited, or limited and restrained by law.

It seizes and overpowers the minds of people, like a sort of enchantment, and withdraws their attention from the various necessary occupations and duties of life. It irritates the passions, sours the temper, and leads to contention, to profane swearing, to intemperate drinking, and to a general dissipation of property and profligacy of manners. By anxiety and excessive night watchings, it injures the health.

Gambling for money, in large bets, is the high way to every kind of luxury and raffish. The successful gambler obtains his money, at the expense of moral principles. The unfortunate gambler, stung to the heart with the sense of his losses, and rendered desperate, is in a prepared state for forgery, burglary, highway robbery, or indeed for any kind of villainy whosoever, by which he may hope to repair his losses, or support himself without industry.

If all our unhappy fellow-creatures who have died under the galleys, or are confined in the state prisons, had written memoirs of their lives, it would probably be found that more than three fourths of them had frequently spent their nights at the gaming table.

Let youth of either sex be solemnly warned against this vortex of destruction. Shun gaming; avoid it, as you would the mansion of death; shun it, as you would a den of robbers, around which are to be seen the bones of murdered men and women.

SAMPSON'S BEAUTIES OF THE BIBLE.

### MINIATURE PAINTING.

P. PARISEN

Respectfully informs the Ladies and gentlemen, that he continues to paint likenesses, from 5 to 10 dollars each—the likenesses and painting warranted to please. Specimens to be seen at No. 104, Chatham-Street, where Gold Locketts, Bracelets, and all kinds of Hair Work, is executed on the most reasonable terms.

Nov. 5.

1029—11

S. DAWSON'S,

WARRANTED DURABLE INK.

FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,  
FOR SALE

by the quantity or single bottle, at No. 3, Pock Slip, and at the Proprietor's, 48, Franklin-street

## TORTOISE SHELL COMBS

FOR SALE BY

N SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER,

700 LONDON

At the Sign of the Golden Rose,

NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies or ornamented Combs of the newest fashion—also Ladies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball far superior to any other for softening beautifying and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume 4 and 8 each

Gentlemen Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving with printed directions, 3s 4s 8s and 12s bottle, or 3 dollars per quart

Smith's Pomade de Graine for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey 4s and 8s per pot. Smith's Tooth Paste warranted

Violet double scented Rose Hair Powder 2s 6d

Smith's Saponette Royal Paste for washing the skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4s and 8s per pot, 6d paste

Smith's Chymical Dentifrice Tooth Powder for the teeth and gums, warranted 4s and 8s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural colour to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin

Smith's superfine Hair Powder. Almond powder for the skin, 8s per lb

Smith's Cassia or Antique Oil for curling, glossing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey 4s per bottle

Hig's improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomades 1s per pot or roll. Dofed do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips 2s and 4s per box

Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted

His new Perfumed Shaving Cream, made on chymical principles to help the operation of shaving 2s and 4s

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster 3s per box

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books

Ladies silk Braces. Elastic worsted and Cotton Garters, and Eau de Cologne

Sat of Lemons for taking out iron mold

• The best warranted, Goswain Razors, Electric Razor Strips, Shaving devices, straight Cases, Pen-knives, Scissors, Toiletries, Ivory and Horn combs, Superfine white Socks, smelling bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported Perfumery

8 Trucks Market Place

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again

January 1. 1808

### WANTED,

A YOUNG WOMAN, to do the housework for a small family, near the Two Mile stone. For particulars apply at No 119, William street.

Nov 19.

1031—

### JEWELRY,

No. 200 Broadway.

EDWARD ROCKWELL informs his friends and customers, that he has removed from the Park to No 200 Broadway, where he solicits a continuance of their custom, and flatters himself that his goods, and his attention to his business will fully meet with their approbation

He has constantly for sale a large assortment of the newest and most fashionable gold earrings, breast pins, lockets, finger rings, miniature settings, pearls, plain and enamelled, and of every fashionable worked necklaces and gold do. bracelets, clasps, chains, watch chains, seals and keys, &c. He has also silver tea sets, table and tea spoons, sugar tongs, plain and ornamental tortoise shell combs, and a variety of articles appropriate to his line of business, which are too numerous to mention; he will sell at the low as prices and will warrant the gold and silver work which are of his own manufactory, to be equal to any



tempt to divert her despair; Lysimachus, as we have before mentioned, had no other fault but that of avarice, and he had ever loved his daughter with an affection truly paternal; all the power and opportunities which his boundless wealth afforded, were now exerted in vain. In vain did he assemble the nightly ball, or gayer masquerade—Gostanza, indeed, attended the scene of gaiety, but her countenance only presented a contrast to those of the surrounding company. She had continued some time in this condition of misery, when one morning she descended to the breakfast room, and took her usual seat at the head of the repast. Her father regarded her with a look of equal grief and terror: her countenance had an air of melancholy, and of a still greater gloom than usual. Lysimachus, struck with the singular misery of her features, demanded of her if she were well; she replied that she had never been more so; but the words had scarcely proceeded from her mouth, when she broke forth into a passion of tears. *To be continued.*

#### ON FLATTERY.

FLATTERY is praise carried to excess. To tell a woman she is handsome, is to praise her; to tell her she is not so handsome as she is, is to flatter her.

This species of flattery is little obnoxious or inconvenient. What signifies whether we exaggerate the beauty, talent, wit, merit or virtue of any being, if that being be really distinguished by talent or merit, and really handsome, witty, or virtuous. All we have to fear, is that the judgment which we pass on the person is much beneath his own opinion. It is very rare to find any one who does not value himself more than he is worth.

But flattery is often liable to real inconveniences; this is when it raises defects into laudable qualities, and vices into virtues. It then becomes falsehood. Flattery, in this case, is the more dangerous, as it is always sure of success, because it smothers the cry of conscience, and rids us of importunate reflections, such as we cannot investigate without blushing.

The powerful are doomed to be flattered. How can it be otherwise? They look upon themselves as privileged beings, and would be dissatisfied at their not being considered as such. Besides this, their condition unfortunately obliges them to keep at a certain distance from other men; they vainly bestow their confidence, they never inspire any.

Flatterer and courtier are two synonymous words in every language. La Fontaine pretends we can never praise too much—the gods, our mistress, and our king.

The first may pass, there is little danger in the second, the last may lead to serious consequences. It might perhaps have been better expressed; there are three kinds of people who never think they are praised too much—kings, women, and authors.

A right knowledge of mankind is sufficient to learn that the most certain way of obtaining their confidence and favour, is to praise them boldly to their face; and as it might be dangerous to be ingenuous, and that moreover nothing is to be gained by frankness, every one prefers becoming a flatterer.

The flatterer rarely raises his voice. His smile is gracious, his looks gentle and caressing: he is humble in his address, insinuating in his language, supple and polite in his manners. Every thing astonishes, pleases, and charms him in the person whose good graces he wishes to conciliate. He weeps or laughs with him, adopts his friendships and his dislikes, approves all he does or says, identifies himself so much with him, as to make his presence a want, and his company a necessity.

There are flatterers by character, these are the smallest in number. Other flatterers are so from interest—these are numerous. The former address themselves indiscriminately, even to those from whom they expect nothing—the latter attach themselves solely to those from whom they hope for riches or honours. The first see in a person only a subject to flatter—the second attend only to the power and credit of the person flattered. One speaks without premeditation, the other says nothing but what he has previously studied. One rarely visits antichambers, the other passes one-third of his life in them.

It is said that flattery is poison—true, but a poison so sweet that no one mistrusts it, and no one repulses the person who knows how to prepare and to offer it.

Flattery is less formidable to a fool than to a wise man, because it is scarcely possible to flatter a fool more than he flatters himself.

#### THE BATTLE OF BAYLEN. BY WILLIAM CAREY.

Roll \* Andujar, roll thy flood,  
Dy'd of old with Moorish blood!  
Swell thy tide;  
Flow with pride;  
Flow forever famed in story.  
Lo! again thy ranks are spread  
With our foes:—the vanquished dead,  
Weltering, lie all pale and gory.  
† Umbia saw in strange affright  
By the moon's uncertain light,  
In thy stream,  
Helmets gleam.  
Baylen heard the tempest rattle—  
Horse to horse, and man to man:  
Ere the dawn the charge began,  
To the brazen roar of battle:—  
As the wintry torrent sweeps,  
Down ‡ Morana's ravaged steep  
Rush'd the foe,  
To o'erthrow  
Spain! the bulwarks of thy glory.  
As old § Calpe braves the flood,  
Our unshaken phalanx stood,—  
Brothers, sons, and fathers hoary.  
Allentejo, with the shock,  
Felt her vine clad summits rock:  
Gueva's vale,  
Hill and dale,  
Trembled with the mighty motion.  
Guadalupe's current fled  
Swiftly from its troubled bed,  
Foaming like the angry ocean.  
Faulchion, pike, and bayonet,  
Smoor, and pierc'd, and clashing met  
On the plain,  
Strew'd with slain,  
Charged with fate's avenging power:  
Through the fleeting shades of night,  
Flash'd the voltied blaze of light,—  
Fell like hail the deadly shower.  
O'er groves and fields, and mountains blue,  
On rosy pinions morning flew.  
Broad as a bright  
Stream'd the light,  
The golden face of day unvailing:  
In darkness still the conflict lay—  
The d'sinal war-field's grim array  
A sullen cloud of smoke concealing.  
Their whirlwind rage five times we stood,  
And stemm'd the whelming battle flood.  
Still again,  
O'er the plain  
Roll'd the hostile peals of thunder.  
Afar, the wild bull cowering fled,  
And man and steed recoiled in dread.  
Earth shook, and seemed to rend asunder.  
Long and deadly was the strife,  
Trumpet, drum, and shuffling life,  
Groans and cries,  
Pierc'd the skies,  
Death's loud organ swell'd the chorus.  
Raging like a stream of fire,  
Burst our old Iberian ire,  
Fast consuming all before us.  
Weep, ye hapless maids of Gaul!  
Weep your absent lovers' fall!  
In despair,  
Attend your hair!  
Weep beside your willow fountains!  
Wan beneath the frowning sky,  
Gash'd with wounds they vanquish'd lie  
On our Andalusian mountains:  
The wolf at midnight laps their blood;  
Their limbs shall glut the eagle's brood:  
Tyrant haste  
To the feast;  
Erect the crest—be bloodier, bolder.  
Behold thy conquest! claim thy spoil;  
Thy Heroes shall possess our soil;  
Yes! there they shall unburied moulder.

\* Andujar, a winding river, which passes through the city of the same name, and near to Baylen.

† Umbia, a commanding eminence near the scene of action.

‡ The mountains called Sierra Morana.

§ The Rock of Gibraltar.

#### THE LADIES' TOILETTE; OR, ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BEAUTY.

OF CLEANLINESS.—The toilette without liness fails of obtaining its object. A carefulness to the person, frequent ablutions, linen white, which never betrays the inevitable perspiration and of dust; a skin always smooth, brilliant, garments not soiled by any stain which might be taken for the garments of a slave which seems never to have touch ground, this it is what constitutes cleanliness: this might likewise be added a scrupulous avoidance of every thing that can indicate functions undecieve the imagination. Women, among ancients were nymphs, nothing about them the graceful imagery of the poets who immortalized them in their works. At Rome and at Athens woman could neither spit nor use her handkerchief in public. If she had a cold she was under necessity of remaining at home.

OF THE SKIN.—It was not on the form, or nature of attire, that the great characters of antiquity bestowed their attention, but it was devoted to the preservation of the beauty of the person. It did not follow the same method as we, who frequently decorate a wretched picture with a magnificent frame. The ancients had a more profound theory; the cares they bestowed were the result of the esteem they had for themselves, of the persuasion that every thing is comprehended in nature and that the beauty, health, and the good quality of the heart, almost always proceed hand in hand.

It is from particular attention to the skin, we must expect health, long life, and a happy age.

The air is the natural enemy of the lilies of a beautiful complexion; but unfortunately for handsome women, it is not the only enemy; a voracious life, or excess in pleasure; too much sleep or too frequent watchings; too intense application or the languor of a life of idleness or apathy; a melancholy and violent passions, grief, fear, anxiety or hatred, are all prejudicial to the beauty of the skin, diminish its lustre, efface or alter its color. On the contrary, a life of prudence and regularity, easy and varied occupations; benevolent, exalting generous affections; the exercise of virtue, which inward satisfaction which is the precious reward of it; such are the causes which preserve the flexibility of the organs, a free circulation, a perfect state of all the functions, whence results health as well as beauty.

Buffon has observed that the delicate complexion and happy physiognomy of the higher classes, owing to the aliments they use. Water has an influence equally powerful on the beauty of the constitution.

It is a fortunate change of circumstances enabled a young female of limited means, who scarcely attracted any observation, to attend the minute details of the toilette, we in a short time behold a new beauty expand in her. How many village girls, with chains somewhat rustic, and figure rather coarse have improved themselves by a residence in the city, and the use of the toilette. It was thus I beheld the celestial beauty of Sophia drawn forth. Sophia at fifteen was a mere country girl. Sophia has now attained her eighteenth spring, and she is an elegant and delicate nymph. Her dark and coarse complexion has acquired lustre and whiteness; her lips, at the same time that they have become more delicate, have assumed the colour of coral.

A CERTAIN historian asserts, that Pope Benedict XII. advised Petrarch to propose marriage to Laura, which the poet declined, lest the familiarity of the married state should abate the enthusiasm of his admiration, and the ardour of his love. 'Parthenon' exclaimed a French officer, who heard of the observation; 'voilà un animal bien délicat.' 'It is (added he) as if a man was to refuse to eat his dinner, lest it should spoil his appetite.'

The fairy, Echo, is thus fancifully and accurately described by a native bard.

The notes from every tree, so loud and shrill,  
Awoke the timid echo, on the hill;  
Who faintly, with aerial lips express'd  
Half what she heard, and murmur'd all the rest.

# The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 3, 1808.

The city inspector reports the death of 34 persons (of whom 9 were men, 9 women, 7 boys, and 9 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of cancer 1, casualties 2, child bed 1, consumption 7, convulsions 4, decay 2, dropsy 3, dysentery 1, scarlet fever 1, hives 3, inflammation of the lungs 2, old age 1, rupture of a blood vessel 1, sprue 1, worms 1, and 3 have been immolated to the small pox.

The cases of casualty were a woman who died in consequence of having fallen into the fire; and a child aged 4 years, whose death was occasioned by her clothes taking fire. Casualties of this kind so frequently occurring, ought to warn parents and nurses not to attire young children with cotton dresses during the winter season.

A letter has been received here, from Bilbao, of the 15th September, stating that the city of Bilbao had been given up to plunder by the French army, which they carried so completely into execution that only one house escaped. *Mer. Ad.*

By several gentlemen from the eastward, we learn that a British armed schooner landed a number of men on an island near Castine where a quantity of Flour had been deposited, over which a guard was placed by the Collector. The Englishmen fired upon the guard, killed one man, by the name of Laurens, and sunk him in the stream; took another prisoner, and carried off the Flour!—On information being given to the Collector, he employed a vessel and a number of Volunteers, who sailed in pursuit of the Englishmen, and found them at anchor in Fox Island—thorough-fare, (so called.) The Englishmen instantly cut their cables and crowded all sail; but were soon overhauled, vessel and crew taken, and carried to Castine—where they were under examination on Friday last, when our informant left that place, *Eastern Advs.*

A letter from an officer of the U. S. standing army dated at Port Woolsey, on Lake Champlain, Oct. 23, 1808, says, "We have here two companies, one of infantry and one of light artillery; which are stationed on the bank of the lake, about one mile from the Canada line, under the orders of the custom house officers. Our only business is to prevent smuggling. There is an immense quantity of cash and other property smuggled over the line. The smugglers are very desperate and daring, always resisting where they have a chance. Our men have had several squabbles with them: one of our sergeants has been knocked down, on his post; and another had two balls fired through his coat. It is not very agreeable to make war with our own citizens, but the laws ought to be obeyed, and you know it is our duty to enforce them." *Mr. Adv.*

The execution of Cyrus B. Dean, one of the crew of the Snake, took place in Burlington, Vermont, on the 11th ult. About 12 o'clock, the prisoner was conducted to the cart-house, where an appropriate sermon was delivered by the Rev. Truman Baldwin, of Charlotte. The prisoner was then taken to the place of execution, and was swung off about three o'clock. He exhibited to the last

a degree of careless unconcern, that perhaps was never equalled, and which seemed to suppress those emotions which such a shocking spectacle is calculated to excite.

It has been computed that about ten thousand persons were present at the execution.

*Extract of a letter from Burlington, Vermont, dated Nov. 13.*

"I attended the execution of Dean. There was a vast concourse of people. He appeared perfectly indifferent to his fate, and shewed no signs of repentance or sorrow for his crime. After he ascended the staging of the gallows he denied the crime of which he was charged, and made a short harangue. At the last moment, he kicked his hat into his grave, spit upon his coffin, and pulled the cap over his eyes himself. He died without struggling, and in a very short time. He appeared entirely composed, from the time he was taken from the gaol until he was swung off. No body prayed with him on the gallows."

Charleston, Nov. 14.—A fire broke out last night about 11 o'clock, in a small building used as a stable, at the upper end of Meeting-Street. The building in which it originated, together with the kitchen and stable of John White, Esq. were consumed. A horse belonging to this gentleman was also burnt.

*Sporting.*—The match race for 1800 dollars, four mile heats, was run for on Thursday the 18th inst. at Norfolk, by Mr. Caleb Bush's horse, Sir Solomon, against Mr. Wynn's famous horse Gallatin, and was won with great ease by Sir Solomon. Mr. Bush, has been offered 8000 dollars for Sir Solomon, since the race, which he refused.

**CHAP CIRCULATING LIBRARY.**  
At No. 178, William-Street, near the North Church,  
CONSISTING CHIEFLY OF  
VOYAGES AND TRAVELS, HISTORIES,  
NOVELS, ROMANCES, MAGAZINES, AND  
MISCELLANIES.

*Terms of Subscription are—* Per month four shillings, quarter ten shillings, six months sixteen shillings, and by the year four dollars.

The Winter in London, The Lawyer, Griffith Abbey, the Wild Irish Boy, and a number of other new and excellent Novels have lately been added to the collection.

December 3 1053 2.

**CISTERN,**  
Made and put in the ground complete warranted tight, by  
**C ALFORD**  
No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

**WANTED,**  
A Boy as an Apprentice to the Gunsmith and Cutlery business, one from the country will be preferred enquire at this Office.  
November 19 1031 16.

**FRENCH TUITION,**  
At No. 1, Magazine, near Chatham Street,  
Where the French Language is now taught, and where the School will continue to be kept during the whole season. Persons desirous of becoming acquainted with that almost universal language, and who may favour M. Frasier with their commands, will have a good opportunity, during that time to acquire a competent knowledge of the language to transact business, in general.

N. B. An evening School is kept, for the convenience of Gentlemen who find it inconvenient to attend in day time.  
November 19 1031 61.

## COURT OF HYMEN.

Love thou canst soften rapture, banish pain,  
Raise bowers of Eden in a wilderness,  
Bind every social virtue in thy train,  
And form the summit of all human bliss.

## MARRIED.

On Saturday evening, the 12th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Williston, Mr. Charles Doane to Miss Pamela Palmer, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. Joshua Gidney to Miss Philena Ellison, all of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. William Moores to Miss Maria Morris, both of this city.

On the same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Williston, Mr. Joshua I. Burnet, of Albany, to Miss Ruth Caldwell, of this city.

On the same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Strebeck, Mr. Josiah Falconer to Miss Jane Patterson.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Ro-mayne, Ogden Edwards, Esq. to Miss Harriet Penfield, daughter of Daniel Penfield, Esq. of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, at Judge Livingston's, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, Theodore Sedgwick, jun. Esq. Counsellor at Law, to Miss Susan Ann Livingston Ridley, eldest daughter of the late Mathew Ridley, Esq. deceased.

On the same evening, by the Rev. G. Seixas, Mr. Seixas Nathan, to Miss Sarah Seixas, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Seixas.

At Peekskill, on Saturday last, Mr. William Clark, of this city, to Miss Charlotte Mandeville, of the former place.

On Tuesday evening, the 8th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Stephen Dusenbury, to Miss Esther Griffin, of Fishkill.

At Rye, On Tuesday, the 22d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Crawford, Mr. Joseph H. Horton, of White Plains, to Miss Sarah Halsted, of the former place.

At same place, on Wednesday, by the Rev. Mr. Crawford, Mr. Ezekiel Halsted, jun. of the house of A & E. Halsted, of this city, to Miss Ann Griffen, of the former place.

At Bridgeton, New Jersey, on Thursday, by the Rev. Mr. C. L. Mr. Nathan Marsh, merchant, to Miss Hetty C. Morgan, daughter of Doctor Lewis Morgan.

At Litchfield, Connecticut, on the 20th ult. Aaron Burr Reeves, Esq. of that place, to Miss Annabella Shelden, daughter of the late Mr. William Shelden, of this city.

## MORTALITY.

Through life's fantastic, gloomy maze,  
What dangers threaten mortal man!  
What pains await him all his days,  
And wreck, with woe, his doubtful span.

## DIED.

On Monday the 21st ult. after a lingering illness, which she bore with christian patience and resignation, Mrs. Ellen Brasher Samuel, consort of Mr. Samuel D. Samuel, in the 264 year of her age.

On Sunday morning last, after a short illness, in the 18th year of his age, Mr. Thomas Davis. His many virtues, his mild and persuasive manners, have so irresistibly attached him to his connexions, that it will be long ere his remembrance will be obliterated from their memory. As a son he was most dutiful—as a brother most affectionate—and as a friend most sincere.

On Sunday last, Mrs. Sarah M'Donald, daughter of Ebenezer S. Burling, Esquire, of this city.

On Monday afternoon last, suddenly, Mr. Robert S. Vankeuren, Superintendent of the New-York Sugar Refining Company.

On Wednesday last, after a lingering and painful illness, Mr. James Manning, a respectable inhabitant of this city.

At Springfield, near Fredericton, New-Brunswick, on the 13th ult. the Hon. George Duncan Ludlow, Esq. Chief Justice of the Provinces of New-Brunswick.

At Schenectady, on Saturday the 19th ult. Mrs. Susar Peck, aged 63 years, consort of Mr. J. Peck.

At same place, on the 20th ult. Mr. Nicholas Vedder, aged 61 years.

At same place, on Friday the 25th ult. Mr. Garrett Van Schaick, in the 69th year of his age.



## COURT OF APOLLO.

### A SONG.

The reader of sensibility, whose feelings are kindred to the sympathies of taste and genius, will find uncommon beauties in the subsequent SONG; it is extracted from the "British Monthly Visitor," and attributed to the elegant, but unfortunate Miss ELIZABETH RYAN.

A New fallen lamb, as mild Emmeline past,  
In pity she turned to behold,  
How it shiver'd and shrank from the merciless blast,  
Then fell all benumb'd with the cold.

She rais'd it, and touch'd by the innocent's fate,  
Its soft form to her bosom she prest;  
But the tender relief was afforded too late,  
It bleated, and died on her breast.

The moralist then, as the corpse she resign'd,  
And, weeping, spring flowers o'er it laid,  
Thus mus'd—So it fares with the delicate mind,  
To the tempest of fortune betray'd.

Too tender, like thee, the rude shock to sustain,  
And deny'd the relief which would save;  
'Tis lost, and when pity and kindness are vain,  
Thus we dress the poor sufferer's grave.

### LINES

Written on a Rock near the Ocean.

I love, when rustling whirlwinds sleep,  
To climb this brow,  
And watch below,  
The curling breeze steal o'er the deep.

Wave after wave, in endless train,  
Roll to the shore;  
Then, seen no more,  
It sinks into the watery plain.

Thus coursing on, reflection views  
Each hour give place,  
In endless chase,  
To one that closely still pursues:—

Till, all subduing undistinguish'd lie,  
Hush'd in the womb of dread eternity.

Swift was invited by a rich miser, with a large party to dine; being requested by the host to return thanks at the removal of the cloth, uttered the following grace:

Thanks for this miracle!—this is no less,  
Than to eat manna in the wilderness,  
Where raging hunger reigned we've found relief,  
And seen that wondrous thing a piece of beef,  
Here chimneys smoke, that never smoked before,  
And we've all ate, where we shall eat no more.

Mr Lewis, shooting in a field, the proprietor attacked him violently: "I allow no person to kill game on my manor, but myself, and I'll shoot you, if you come here again." "What, (said the other,) I suppose you mean to make game of me."

### RAGS.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS at this office.

EMBROIDERING CHINELLES, ELEGANTLY ASSORTED SHADES, for sale at No 104 Maiden Lane.

## THE MORALIST.

### THOUGHTS ON GAMING.

Robbers of time are more dangerous enemies than robbers of money; because they take away that which no money can purchase and replace. And one of the most notorious robbers of time is gaming at Cards; for it tends to no improvement, either of body or mind.

Is it the part of creatures, who are capable by intellectual and moral improvements, of rising continually in the scale of being; is it consistent with their rank, to spend their time in shuffling and distributing a number of pieces of spotted paper, to the entire exclusion of all ideas, excepting those few which belong to the game?

Is our span of life in this world too long? Have we time more than enough? Why else should any waste their time with more prodigality than even the spendthrift wastes his money? Why else should they contrive to annihilate time by turning a large portion of their existence into a mere blank?

But besides that gaming is a waste of time, it is in a manifold view, a very pernicious tendency: and accordingly, in every civilized state, it is either totally prohibited, or limited and restrained by law.

It seizes and overpowers the minds of people, like a sort of enchantment, and withdraws their attention from the various necessary occupations and duties of life. It irritates the passions, sours the temper, and leads to contention to profane swearing, to immoderate drinking, and to a general dissipation of property and profligacy of manners. By anxiety and excessive night watchings, it impairs the health.

Gambling for money, in large bets, is the highway to every kind of knavery and villainy. The successful gambler obtains his money, at the expense of moral principles. The unfortunate gamester, stung to the heart with the sense of his losses, and rendered desperate, is in a prepared state for forgery, burglary, highway robbery, or indeed for any kind of villainy whatever, by which he may hope to repair his losses, or support himself without industry.

If all our unhappy fellow-creatures who have died under the gallows, or are confined in the state prisons, had written memoirs of their lives, it would probably be found that more than three fourths of them had frequently spent their nights at the gambling-table.

Let youth of either sex be solemnly warned against this vortex of a duction. Shun gaming: avoid it, as you would the mansions of death: Shun it, as you would a den of robbers, around which are to be seen the bones of murdered men and women.

SAMPSON'S BEAUTIES OF THE BIBLE.

### MINIATURE PAINTING.

PARISEN

Respectfully informs the Ladies and gentlemen, that he continues to paint likenesses, from 5 to 10 dollars each—the likenesses and painting warranted to please. Specimens to be seen at No. 104, Chatham-Street, where Gold Locketts, Bracelets, and all kinds of Hair Work, is executed on the most reasonable terms.

Nov. 5.

1029—11

### S. DAWSON'S,

WARRANTED DURABLE INK.

FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN, FOR SALE

by the quantity or single bottle, at No. 3, Park Slip, and at the Proprietor's, 48, Frankfurt-street.

## TORTOISE SHELL COMBS

FOR SALE BY  
N SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER,  
FROM LONDON,  
At the Sign of the Golden Rose,  
NO 115 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies ornamented Combs of the newest fashion—also Ladies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds



Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball far superior to any other for softening beauty and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume 4 and 8s each

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in small compass

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving with printed directions. 3s 4s 8s and 12s bottle, or 3 dollars per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey 4s and 8s per pot

Smith's Tooth Paste warranted Violet double scented Rose Hair Powder 2s 6d

Smith's S. Coyette Royal Paste for washing the skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s per pot, do paste

Smith's Chymical Dentrific Tooth Powder for the teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural colour to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable of Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin

Smith's super-fine Hair Powder. Air and powder for the skin, 8s per lb

Smith's Cassia or Antique Oil for cutting, glazing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey 4s per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums 1s per pot or roll. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving most beautiful colour to the lips 2 and 4s per bottle

Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chemical principles to help the operation of shaving 2 and 1s 6d

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster 3s per box

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books

Ladies silk Braaces. Elastic worsted and Cotton Garters, and Eau de Cologne

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold

\* \* The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Penknives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory and Horn combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling bottles &c

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported Perfumery

8 Trunks Marseilles Pomatums

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again

January 1, 1808

### WANTED.

A YOUNG WOMAN, to do the housework for a small family, near the Two Mile Stone. For particulars apply at No 119, William street.

Nov 19.

1031—

### JEWELLRY.

At No. 200 Broadway.

EDWARD ROCKWELL informs his friends and customers, that he has removed from the Park to No. 200 Broadway, where he solicits a continuance of their custom, and flatters himself that his goods, and his attention to his business will fully meet with their approbation

He has constantly for sale a large assortment of the newest and most fashionable gold earrings, breast pins, locketts, finger rings, miniature settings, pearls plain and enamelled, and of every fashion, hair worked necklaces and gold do bracelets, clasps, chain watch chains, seals and keys, &c. He has also silver tea sets, table and tea spoons, sugar tongs, plain and ornamental tortoise shell combs, and a variety of articles appropriate to his line of business, which are too numerous to mention: he will sell at the lowest prices and will warrant the gold and silver work which are of his own manufactory, to be equal to any